

Mrs Romero

by Enjoyseries

Category: Bates Motel

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Alex R., Norma B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-08 23:02:33

Updated: 2016-04-16 15:15:03

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:38:11

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,103

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Fluff scene in the kitchen.

1. Good morning

Some rays of the sun tickled his face, waking him up. He smiled, remembering the last days and stretched like a lazy cat. He extended his arm to the left expecting to find a body but he didn't. He opened his eyes and found the place empty. When he turned his head to the other side to check the time, it was 7:23 am. He got up and tried to gather his clothes scattered on the floor.

When he went down a few minutes later, he saw her from behind. He smiled at the sight of her clothes.

'So, this is where my shirt went!?' He said wrapping his arms around her waist from behind. She turned her head to see him and smiled.

'Good morning.' She softly said to him.

'Good morning, Mrs. Romero.' He kissed her temple. 'Looks good.' He glanced over her shoulder to see what she was cooking.

'Because it is good!' She chuckled.

'You know I'm gonna need that shirt.' She realized only right now he was bare chest. She took the pan and got off his embrace. She walked silently to the table and then spoke again.

'Well, come and get it.' She smirked, and put the omelet in the plate. He couldn't deny it, she looked incredibly sexy in his oversized shirt which was stopping at the middle of her thighs. The look she made put him on fire, he started walking slowly towards her as she was walking back at the same time. She walked around the table, and eventually accelerated the pace until they found

themselves running around like children. Alex grabbed her by the waist and lifted her in his arms, and walked to the table. Laughter filled the room as he sat her on it, putting aside all the stuff. She wrapped her legs around him and put him closer.

'Your breakfast will get cold.' She looked at the plate beside them.

'I've something else in mind for breakfast.' He smirked, unbuttoning the shirt. She wrapped her arms around his neck then slid her hands behind his head to bring his face to hers. She whispered against his lips before crushing them with hers, 'I'm all yours.'

* * *

><p>Sorry a bit short, this is my first time writting about them.

**Let me know what you think about this, feedback is always welcomed!
:)**

Maybe I'll turn it into a collection of one-shot, send me prompts if you want some particular one!

Kisses to your lovely face!

2. Nightmare

The room was dark, so dark she couldn't see where she was walking. She was scared and lost, but she wanted to know where this dark hallway was leading. The wall she was touching with her hand all the walk was so cold and icy it gave her chills.

'Mother!' She heard a distant voice.

'Norman?' She whispered with trembling voice. Darkness, so much darkness. 'Norman!' She shouted. Then a terrified scream came pierce her ears, it seemed to come behind her. She kept walking but this path seemed to be endless.

'Mother, what have you done?' Norman's voice was echoing in her head. 'You abandoned me.' She stopped.

'I'm so sorry.' She whimpered. Then he appeared in front of her, his look was so icy and she could almost see hatred in his eyes.

'Mother,' then another one appeared to her left. 'Mother,' and another one to her right. 'Mother!' And another one, again and again.

'Mother! Mother! Mother!' She took her head in her hands and closed her eyes, but the visions never stopped nor the voices.

'STOP IT!' She screamed.

She woke up abruptly, breathless and crying. She quickly turned on the light and sat up against the headboard. She tried to calm down her sobs, whipping away her tears with her shaky hands. She threw a glance at the clock, it was only 2:34 a.m. and she clearly couldn't just go back to sleep after that. She thought about going downstairs, but she didn't want to be alone either.

She took off the covers and got up before turning off the bedside lamp. She walked outside her bedroom and stayed there a few seconds, arms crossed on her chest. She hesitated a moment, but she walked towards the door of his bedroom. Her hand gripped the handle and after a few seconds of hesitation she slowly opened the door. He was sleeping peacefully, laying on his left side. She tiptoed towards the bed and then bent down a little bit.

'Alex.' She whispered hoping he would wake up, but he didn't. 'Alex.' She repeated. 'Alex!' She whispered louder this time, he stirred a little bit and moaned some inaudibly words. 'What?' He didn't even open his eyes.

'I had a nightmare.'

'You okay?' He opened his eyes.

'Can I just- Can I just stay with you?' She tried.

He could tell she was all frightened with her hair messy and puffy red eyes. She clearly wasn't kidding. He moved to let her some space. She slid under the covers and laid on her side, facing him. They watched each other for a few moment, the lights from the Bates Motel panel outside were illuminated the room so they could catch a sight of their face.

'You wanna talk about it?'

'No.'

After a few minutes, or maybe even seconds, Alex closed his eyes again but Norma didn't.

'It was about Norman.' She finally said.

'What happened?' He asked with his eyes still closed.

'I-I can't remember, it's all blurred. But it was horrible.' She paused. 'Alex, what if I made a mistake?' She whispered with a cracked voice.

'You didn't, Norma. It was for its own care. You did the right thing, trust me.' He took her hand under the covers and brought them both between their face. 'Now get some sleep, okay? I'm here, you're safe.' He whispered as tiredness was taking over him. She nodded, even if she knew he couldn't see her anyway.

'Goodnight.' She said.

'Goodnight, Norma.' He mumbled. She watched him for a few seconds again but then she finally closed her eyes, a slight smile appearing on her lips and she found sleep right beside him, hands joined. Maybe everything would be okay after all, at least she hoped.

* * *

><p>Sorry if there are any mistakes.

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Send me prompts if you want some particular one-shot!

Kisses to your lovely face!

End
file.